

The First Easter





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Softly o'er the Eastern City, creep the footsteps of the dawn,  
Fast the pall of night is lifting, and the stars are almost gone;  
Past the olive groves and vineyards, black amid the purple gloom,  
Up the rocky, palm-swept pathway, hastens Mary, to the Tomb.

In her hands a sweet oblation, scenting all the morning air,  
Token of the adoration, she, her Saviour, still doth bear;  
Perfume—ah! we cannot wonder, fitting tribute must it prove  
To Him, in Whose gentle footsteps, sprang the flowers of deathless love.

To the Sepulcher she cometh, seeth now the broken seal,  
And the mighty stone no longer bars the way, her senses reel,  
Yet she swiftly kneels, and breathless, searches with her eager gaze  
All the place where they had laid Him; emptiness her soul dismays.

There the linen clothes are lying, and the napkin, gleaming white,  
But the Christ she loved ~~has~~ vanished, gone beyond her mortal sight.  
Others come, and look, and wonder, then each sadly goes his way.  
She alone remaineth, weeping: perhaps she loved Him more than they.

Deep the shadows lie around her, measureless is her despair,  
Yet, the glory waiteth near her, angels have her in their care;  
Even now a voice she heareth, questioning her in accents kind,  
And she turneth, looketh, answereth, but as yet her eyes are blind.

"Mary," ah! the morning breaketh, far upon the Eastern sky  
Bursts a cross of gold; in splendour, see it mounting now on high.  
Yes, the Sun indeed is risen—listen while all nature sings,  
Sun of righteousness and glory, risen with healing in His wings.

"Go unto my brethren, ~~you~~ tell them, all that thou hast seen and heard,  
That I go unto my Father, comfort, cheer them with thy word,"  
Ah, how eagerly she listens, then on wings of love she flies  
To the friends who, well she knoweth, sit with sadness in their eyes.

Down the centuries it cometh, are we as ready to obey  
The blessed message, as was Mary, on that first far Easter Day?  
Not alone in far-off countries, wait our brethren in sorest need,  
But at our ~~own~~ doors; pray we may show them that our Lord is risen  
indeed.



1  
Ann  
Nothing is true or false  
universally -

Things are only true or  
false relatively

As a real force in life  
Knowledge is power

Good doing - follows right  
knowing -

End of Education is not  
so much fact as power



1 doz smelts -

9.2



3  
Language of Italy had  
been formed in great  
part by the marvelous  
visions of her greatest  
poet -

Painting had been  
revived by Giotto  
and Cimabue  
Architecture had put  
on a character of  
beauty



PROLOGUE TO "LA DERNIERE CLASSE"

Great Victor in his "Voix Interieures"<sup>u</sup>  
Tells us both man and nature have a voice,  
And that events have theirs but each directs  
A different appeal, man to the heart,  
Nature unto the soul, and the event  
Addresses to the wit its powerful voice.  
Poets unite them all to ~~celebrate~~ *elevate*  
Political events till they attain the  
The dignity of history. To-day we've seen  
In Moliere's "Avare" the appeal of wit,  
And Hugo's pathos must have touched your heart,  
But now we are to see the Soul of France,  
Or rather see the seed from which has sprung  
That generous spirit, that uplifting faith,  
Which has enabled France through these long years  
To train her sons that they might face the foe  
Dauntless, when destiny should strike the hour.

Alphonse Daudet in writing "the last class "  
Touched every heart in France. The scene is laid  
In an Alsatian village school. The time  
Is the last day on which the schoolmaster  
May teach his pupils French. That rôle is played  
By one who knows what wee the exile feels,  
Who sees his country crushed beneath the yoke.  
The Briton lacks the Frenchman's social instinct,  
Which here comes into play. The village school  
Becomes a stage where old and young together,  
(For every Frenchman is an actor born,)  
Shew with dramatic art how deep the love  
Of country, and how firm the resolution  
Never to change allegiance in their hearts.  
The German drums may beat from near-by barracks,  
Their answer is the cry of "Vive la France."  
~~Soon may that cry resound throughout Alsace~~  
~~And may that cry be heard with changing accents~~  
And from the throats of his unnumbered hosts  
May each victorious hear the echoing shouts,  
Proclaiming to the nations: "Long live France."





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